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OUR YOUNG PEOPLE

A Mother's Day.

"Sew, sew, sew! For there's many a rent,
There's a stick to take and a dress to mend;
For where do her labors end?
Sew, sew, sew! For a rent in a dress she spies,
Then it's needle and thread and an aching head,
And see how the needle flies!

"Brush, brush, brush! For there's many a boy to clean,
And start to school with a slate and rule,
With breakfast to get between.
Comb, comb, comb! In the minute she has to spare,
For what is so wild—unreconciled
As the wastes of a youngster's hair?

"Sweep, sweep, sweep! Oh, follow the flashing broom,
As with towel bound her forehead round
She goes from room to room.
Dust, dust, dust! As down on her knees she kneels,
For there's much to do in the hour or two
Of interval 'twixt meals.

"Bake, bake, bake! For the cooky jar piled high
But yesterday, in some curious way
Is empty again, O my!
Stir, stir, stir! in a froth of yellow and white,
For well she knows how the story goes
Of small boy's appetite.

"Scrub, scrub, scrub! For the floor that was snick and span
Alas, alack! has a muddy track
Where some thoughtless youngster ran.
Splash, splash, splash! For the dishes of thrice a day
Are piled up high to wash and dry
And put on their shelves away.

"Patch, patch, patch! And oh, for a pantaloons
That would not tear or rip or wear
In the course of an afternoon!
Patch, patch, patch! And see how the needle flies
For a mother knows how the fabric goes
Where the seat of trouble lies.

"Toil, toil, toil! For when do her labors end,
With a dress to make and a cake to bake
And dresses and hose to mend?
Stew, stew, stew! Fret and worry and fuss,
And who of us knows of the frets and woes
In the days when she mothered us?"
—J. W. Foley.

Letters from the Young People.

The Progressive Farmer will be delighted to print brief letters from young people if our young friends will follow these directions, as given in a contemporary:

I. Write about something—not just a letter, but a true story or a made-up story; something you have done, seen, or thought of that ought to interest other people.

II. Write carefully.

III. Don't be angry with the Editor, if he declines to print what you write.

IV. Write for the purpose of interesting, not for the purpose of seeing your name in print. You should prefer not to see your name in print.

V. Remember, only the best letters can be printed. Have something to say—not simply telling how old you are, how many brothers and sisters, where you go to school, and how much you dread the waste basket.

"I Don't Care."

It can generally be taken for granted that those who are entirely indifferent to the good opinion of others have lost all claim to it. The boy or the girl who can say truthfully, "I don't care what anyone thinks," is treading on dangerous ground. Such an admission indicates a loss of pride and self-respect.

A party of four or five schoolgirls came hurrying into an electric car in a large city one day recently. They were all in a merry mood, and it was pleasant to see their shining eyes and bright faces. One of the girls, the handsomest and best-dressed of the party, became a little too noisy and bold in her actions when the girls were seated.

"Sh-sh, May!" said one of her companions; "everybody in the car is looking at you."

"I don't care if they are," retorted May, with a toss of her head.

"But what will they think?" asked another of the girls.

"I don't care what they think," was the reply, and her voice became louder and her manner bolder than ever.

Then a remark was made about her teacher having objected to something she had done in school that day.

"And I just told him point blank that I didn't care what he thought of me!" she said. "I believe in being independent of other people's opinions, and I don't care what anyone thinks of me."

A sweet-faced girl of about sixteen, who was one of the party, said: "Well, I care a great deal about what others think of me."

"You do!" said May scornfully. "Well, I don't! I never did toady to the opinions of others, and I never intend to. Folks can think just what they please. I don't care!"

A few minutes later she was telling her companions of her father and mother having "made a fuss" about something she had done. "But," she said in conclusion, "I didn't care. I guess I'm old enough to think for myself."

A girl is never too old to be indifferent to the opinions of others. She can never afford to be thus indifferent, and if she really and truly does not care what her own parents think of her conduct, if she is utterly indifferent to their feelings, if she flaunts a flag of defiance in the face of public opinion—if this happens, she should be as sorry an object for her own contemplation as she is in the eyes of others.—Selected.

A Girl Who Does Things.

Mr. Editor and Cousins:—How are all of you this hot August morning?

My age is thirteen. I live four miles from the town of Charlotte, on a farm of thirty-two and a half acres. My papa is the man who writes the "poultry articles," and signs his name "Uncle Jo."

I have a great many flowers around my home, and there are three large hickorynut trees in our front yard, and one in the back yard.

I have no sisters or brothers. I am the only child.

I have a piano, and can play very well. I have been taking music about four years. We have a small organ, too, that mama plays. She doesn't like a piano very much, but I am just the other way—I don't like an organ very much. Mama bought the organ for our school. I played every morning for them to sing. I sing too, you bet. I have a soprano voice. I could hardly play, if I did not sing, too. Every morning we sang two or three pieces out of the Gospel Hymn Book, and "The Old North State," then the teacher [Miss

Sallie Fryar] read a chapter out of the Bible. After that we all said a verse out of the Bible, and last we all stood and repeated the "Lord's Prayer."

Well, I will tell you what I can do and then I will stop. I can milk a cow, ride a cow, ride a horse, churn, sweep, make up beds, wash dishes, make handkerchiefs and do other fancy work.

"LITTLE JACK."

Mecklenburg Co., N. C.

Reformation is a work of time. A national taste, however wrong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we must yield a little to the prepossession which has taken hold on the mind and we may then bring people to adopt what would offend them if endeavored to be introduced by violence.—Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Happy it were for us all if we bore prosperity as well and wisely as we endure adverse fortune.—Southey.

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